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# NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

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OH! Don't  
see the LAST  
of to-morrow  
Evening for

## AIN-GENERAL WEYLER SPEAKS TO THE JOURNAL

He acts to the Plan of Distributing Food to Suffering Americans as "justified Interference" and Derides the Reiterated Professions of Friendship Made by the United States.

By Oscar Addington.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

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uba, May 21, via Key West, Fla., May 23.—I obtained audience with Captain-General Weyler upon his arrival here from Placetas solicited for transmission by cable to the Journal an expression of his views upon the favorable action by the United States Senate on the Morgan probability that if it passes the House President McKinley, in accordance with the tidal wave of public opinion, may recognize the Cuban insurgents. "I am not surprised," he said, "nor shall I be if the House should concur in the Senate resolution and send it to the President. Your jingoism bent upon forcing the country into some serious foreign complications in order to distract attention from the fast approaching internal crisis. I do not believe your Constitution, any such action by them would be a flagrant usurpation of executive power, and may be either set aside by the Supreme Court or by the President McKinley.

bands of Cuban dynamiters, railroad wreckers, horse and cattle thieves, plantation burners and highwaymen now in the field here, who hold no port of call in the United States government, have no right to expect recognition. Such distinction at President McKinley's hands, issued in the face of my own proclamation of the part of the island to be already pacified, would hold the Washington Executive up to the ridicule of European powers, and prompt a healthy outbreak of sympathy for the Spanish cause, especially from neighboring Old World governments also possessing colonies in the West Indies.

on may aid the Cuban Junta in placing a few bonds in the United States, but will at the same time assure the successful issue of our purposed new loan in London and Vienna, and enable us to carry on the war with renewed vigor.

all be glad. If recognition comes, our position will then be more clearly defined. It will work a virtual abrogation of our special treaty with the United States, and the Spaniards residing in Cuba in an identical position before the courts with other foreign residents, and I shall be troubled less by the constant complaints from American consuls.

believe the Spanish Government of all responsibility for the destruction of foreign property not actually within the line of Spanish defences, and further urging us the right to board and search American vessels whenever suspected.

I heartily rejoice that the emptiness and hypocrisy of the United States Government's oft reiterated professions of friendship shall be finally unmasked. The confidence in the sincerity of its assertions. Each new declaration from Washington calculated to throw our marine officials engaged in patrolling the Cuban coast has invariably been followed by the departure of some new Cuban filibuster from an American port with arms and munitions for our enemy.

President McKinley's fair promises, this has occurred on more than one occasion since he came into power."



### MRS. COLT SUES FOR A MILLION.

Two Sons of a Brother of the Gun Inventor Make Amazing Charges.

NE, BLACK, INDEFINITE.

that the Millionaire's Death Was Hastened by an Overdose of Medicine.

SAY SHE DECEIVED HIM

James B. and Norman Colt Allege She Caused Their Father to Be Cut Off in a Codicil from a Big Legacy.

"There's no pocket in a shroud." Colonel Samuel Colt, millionaire, who made a mighty fortune out of the firearms he invented, probably never heard that maxim of the spendthrift Mississippi River gambler. So he went on, laying up great stores of stocks and bonds, and gold and silver, and deeds to big houses and broad acreage.

And it brought some splendor and some fame, but more of blooming and unrest, and he warred with himself, when he found he must leave it all, as a just how it should be disposed. Then he died.

His son, Caldwell H. Colt, whose name is famous among yachtsmen, clubmen and out-of-door people well-nigh the world over, took up the management of the estate and of the enormous business his father had built up. His death, three years ago, left Mrs. Colt once again with the burden of the great property upon her shoulders.

Now, thirty-five years after, the old millionaire's brother's children, "embodiments of the old-time bitterness which the money engendered, have raked up ancient reproaches out of the past and begun a new struggle in courts of law to get their hands upon a big round million of the money which the rich man did not see fit to bequeath to them.

A Bold Stroke.

The lapse of time has in no measure dulled the weapons of attack. If anything they seem to have grown keener with a third of a century of idleness.

The suit which has been started is perhaps the boldest, as it is one of the biggest, of all contests on record in this country. It is a case about which many strange stories group themselves, for the name of Colt, besides being a synonyme of inventive talent and of wealth built up out of magnificent business enterprise, has been in stories of social embroilment, and is a chief factor in a famous case of crime.

These things are bound to be called public notice by this sensational and most dramatic, most pathetic and whole matter is that the suit in this long-delayed and tort to get hold of a dead man's money is a widow seventy years of age and deferred to, far and away, the last Lady of Connecticut.

her alone in her latter years to do good with, for all its vastness, has been burdened.

long ago that the mysterious Caldwell H. Colt, who happened in this case, happened in this case.

### MAYOR STRONG'S SPORTING BLOOD.

His Visit to Mr. Monks May, However, Have Had a Political Object.

CAUGHT A BIG FLAT FISH.

Uttered a Mysterious but Significant Remark About "Getting His Hooks In."

HE IS ALSO AN EXPERT WING SHOT

First the "Platt" Bird Fell, Then "Lauterbach" Was Brought Down and Next "Fred Gibbs." Only Four Escaped.

The church bells were ringing. "My son who was fishing. 'My son, don't you know his sinful to catch fish on Sunday?' 'Who's a-catchin' any fish,' answered the boy, disingenuously. 'I ain't had a bite, yet.' 'Idiot of an Angler, by His Honor, M-r S-r.

Mayor Strong returned home, last evening from Dock Commissioner John Monks's house at North West, L. I. With the Mayor were City Chamberlain McCook, Dock Commissioner Blainstein and E. G. Willis. His Honor was in fine health and splendid spirits.

"If I could stay here for three weeks, I'd be twenty years younger," he told Mr. Monks when he bade him goodby. It is shrewdly suspected that the Mayor's visit to Mr. Monks's is designed to win to him the sporting vote of Greater New York. His Honor already has a certain following of bank presidents, wholesale dry goods dealers and reformers. At North West he proved he is full of sporting blood, gouty, perhaps, but sporting certainly. On Saturday afternoon, His Honor shot a pigeon match, and, yesterday, he went fishing. If it be sinful to catch fish on Sunday, His Honor sinned, for he caught the biggest fish taken by his party.

Each Bird Had Its Name. As the Journal told, the Mayor killed twenty-one out of twenty-five birds in the pigeon match. Mr. Platt can't shoot pigeons, Cornelius N. Bliss can't, Seth Low cannot. So every time the Mayor graced a bird he won followers—the pigeon shooters. It is said, on doubtful authority, that His Honor named each pigeon after a political enemy of his.

"That's Tom Platt," he said, as a right-quartermen shot from the trap. "Bang!" That bird fell dead. "That's Lauterbach"—a towerer. "Bang!" Lauterbach fluttered to the grass. "That's Fred Gibbs"—an income. "Bang! Bang!" The second barrel settled Fred Gibbs.

In that way the Mayor made the fine score of twenty-one out of twenty-five. Two birds he missed were named Constable and Parker.

And yesterday the Mayor went fishing and caught every man who loves the gentle sport. Mr. Monks's country house nestles in a dense grove on the shore of Three-Mile Harbor. The Mayor and his companions slept well after the pigeon match and arose early yesterday. After a fine breakfast, Mr. Monks drove them around his grounds. When the waters of the harbor flashed before him, His Honor said, hesitatingly:

"I haven't fished for a long time. When I was a boy I was a great fisherman."

Mr. Monks took the gentle hint, got fishing tackle, and quickly the man who vows he would not be Mayor again was waiting for a nibble. Soon he got one, and feeling the tremor of a bite, threw the pole up and a three-pound flatfish went flying through the air over the Mayor's head and landed behind him on the sands.

"When I get a hook into anything it doesn't get away," said His Honor proudly.

### KILLED MAD DOG WITH A RIFLE.

Policeman Heslin Made a Fine Flying Shot in Flatbush.

DOG CHEWED A SMALL BOY.

Scared People Returning from Church and Bit Valuable Cows.

CHASED BY AN ARMED CROWD.

But It Was Heslin Who Dropped on One Knee, Took Careful Aim and Ended the Brute's Dangerous Course.

It is not known that Policeman Lawrence Heslin is a sharpshooter, a marksman. But it is certain that he took one shot, a flying shot with a rifle, at a mad dog in Flatbush yesterday, and killed the dog. This is an admirable example for policemen who drive mad dogs into a corner and fill the surrounding atmosphere with bullets. It was high time, too, that Heslin's mad dog was killed, for the dog had bit a small boy and was scaring people going home from church.

This dog was a black spaniel, and was owned by Benjamin F. Stevens. The dog was running about the front yard of Mr. Stevens's house, Flatbush and Newkirk avenues, and the streets were filled with people who had just listened to the benediction in the churches. The dog ran around like mad, forth at the mouth, jumped a five-foot fence and sped along Flatbush avenue, snapping at children, who screamed, at women, who shrieked, and showed a disposition to faint, and at men, who kicked at him, but, coming from church, did not swear.

At Flatbush avenue and Avenue N the dog met Jimmy Butler, who lives at that corner. The dog jumped at the youngster, who is twelve years old, and Jimmy tried to run, but the snarling brute so frightened him that he fell down. The dog caught young Butler's right wrist between his teeth and chewed it. Then he proceeded to tear holes in Jimmy's best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, while Jimmy screamed like a steam calliope. Some men kicked the dog and he ran across lots—there are vacant lots in Flatbush that will add rural charms to Greater New York.

In running across the lots this dog bit some blooded cows belonging to T. T. Hubbard and A. Vanderveer. By that time men living in the neighborhood had run into their houses for their revolvers and were chasing the black spaniel, being reinforced by other men and boys extemporaneously armed with sticks and stones. The dog left the lots and turned again into Flatbush avenue and the church people were flying before him when Policeman Heslin appeared.

Heslin, with much judgment, had borrowed a rifle. He chased the dog for five blocks, but he could not get a fair shot. At last Heslin saw his chance. As the dog darted across the street, moving much faster than the revolving lions and tigers in a Bowers shooting gallery, Heslin dropped on one knee, took careful aim, pulled the trigger. The dog rolled over dead.

Dr. Matthew Smith, of Vernon avenue, cauterized young Butler's wounds. James Butler, Sr., feared hydrophobia. To learn if the dog was really dead he went to the Flatbush Police Station and asked Sergeant Parrett:

"Can't you have that dog's brains analyzed?"

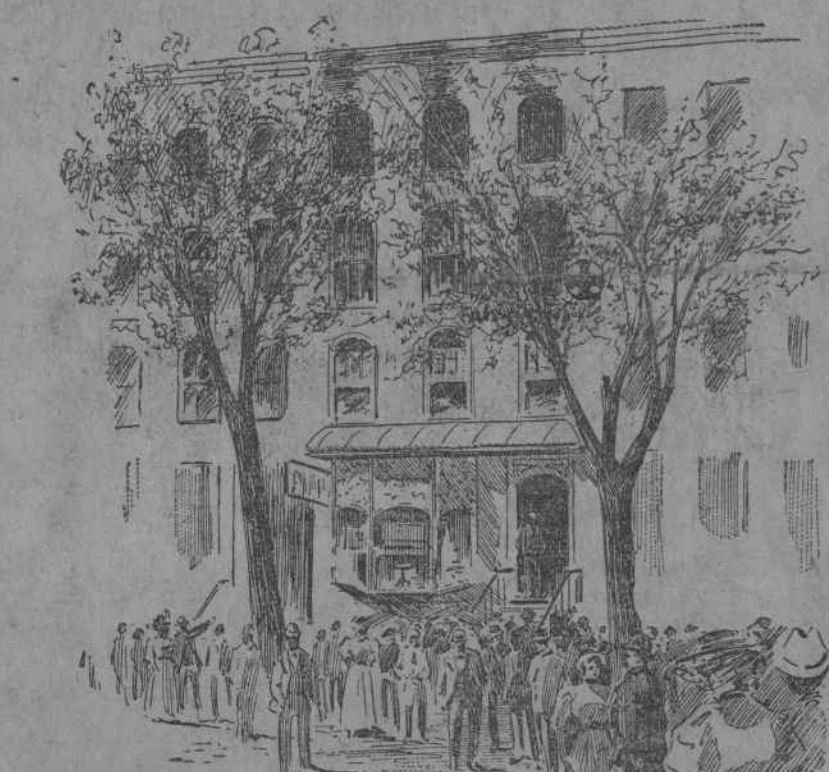
NO LIMIT TO COLONELS. Georgia's Governor Has Increased His Staff to 81 and Keeps Right on Appointing.

Atlanta, Ga., May 23.—Appointments made to his military staff last week by Governor Atkinson brings the total number to date up to eighty-one, which is about twice as large as that of any other State. A bill was introduced in the Legislature last year to cut the number of Colonels down to twenty, and it was passed, but the Governor promptly vetoed it and has gone right on appointing.

With this enormous staff gorgeously uniformed he will attend the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville on Georgia day, next month, together with a regimental company containing about fifty privates. The chances are that he will turn out still more colonels before then.

FURTHER LUETGERT RELICS. Police Discover Charred Bones in the Sausage Maker's Yard.

Chicago, May 23.—Charred bones and some old clothing, said to be bloodstained, were taken by the police to-day from a building in the rear of the home of Adolph L. Luetgert, the wealthy sausage manufacturer, who is accused of wife murder. The bones will be examined.



Scene of the Fatal Fire. The cross marks the window from which Mrs. Carrie Bowles jumped to escape the flames. In the room at the rear of the top floor, Mrs. Bowles and her four-year-old daughter were imprisoned and burned to death, after the mother had pointed out a way to safety to the other lodgers.

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Scene of the Fatal Fire in West Twenty-third Street. Cross shows the window from which Mrs. Carrie Bowles jumped to escape the flames. In the rooms at the rear of the top floor, Mrs. Katherine Mossway and her four-year-old daughter were imprisoned and burned to death, after the mother had pointed out a way to safety to the other lodgers.

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### NEGRO AND CAT FIGHT IN A RING.

"Sam" Had to Kill the Animal in Thirty Minutes to Win \$200.

HE DID IT AND FAINTED.

The Wildcat Had Been Starved to a Wire Edge and Weighed in at Fifteen Pounds.

FISTS AND CLAWS THE WEAPONS.

Five Hundred Citizens of Tampa and Ybor City Entertained Sunday Afternoon by a Chaste and Unique Battle.

Tampa, Fla., May 23.—Sportsman's Park, the great resort of the Cuban population of Ybor City and Tampa, was the scene of a fight to a finish this afternoon between a fifteen-pound wildcat and a Jamaica negro, known only as Sam. The negro was promised \$200 if he succeeded in killing the wildcat inside of thirty minutes with his bare hands and no kicking. Sam took the money.

At least 500 people witnessed the battle, which was bloody from beginning to end. The cat had been starved for several days and had also been teased and tortured until it was in a frenzy.

The negro stepped into the enclosure wearing brown canvas overalls and jumper. The cat was let out of the cage inside the ring, and running to one side stopped and began looking at the negro, who was advancing toward it. The cat was furious with rage and when Sam was within ten feet, leaped directly for his throat. The negro was expecting this and jumped quickly to one side, but struck the cat with his fist as it went past him.

Had to Let Go. In a second the cat came back with a rush, and this time fastened its claws in Sam's right thigh, tearing the canvas trousers and bringing the blood. Sam caught the cat by the throat, but he let go with a howl of agony as a strip of flesh was torn from his arm by the claws of the hind foot of the cat.

With a spring quick as lightning the cat was on the man's shoulders clawing his face and chewing his right ear. Then the negro got angry and tried to tear the enraged cat from his shoulder and neck. In the struggle Sam fell and the cat leaped from him. The crowd cheered and urged Sam to go on with the fight.

He was half-blinded by blood, but he made another dash for the cat, and, after a short chase, was stooping to pick up the animal, when the wildcat leaped directly on his head and began clawing and biting. Sam struggled in vain to pull the wildcat from his head, and at last lowered his head and made for the fence to crush the cat by butting. This didn't work, as the cat crawled down his back, rearing his canvas jumper and bringing the blood every scratch.

Sam caught the cat by the throat and fell to the ground. The cat's claws were at work, and Sam's arms, breast and thighs were badly scratched and clawed, but still Sam held on. He succeeded finally in getting one knee on the cat's head, and in spite of the struggles of the wildcat, he held him down until the cat was dead.

Sam staggered to his feet, and the crowd cheered.

The front rooms of the building were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, a widow, and their four-year-old daughter. The room was a small one, and the floor was covered with a thin layer of straw. The mother had pointed out a way to safety to the other lodgers.

THE SCENE IN THE BASEMENT. Mrs. J. Macdonald, the face and head. E. S. Phelps, a years; slightly bruised at home. Mrs. Minnie Curtis, house, sister of Mrs. from shock. Cared for in the building is a structure, five stories basement, which opens the pavement.

In the basement, owned by which Robert McCoy. On the first floor, rear of steps, are the plane Brothers.

Mrs. Minnie Curtis three top floors. She Lamont, occupied the floor over the entrance apartments were rear rooms on the third floor—the first floor occupied by Samuel B. Lam Lee.

### CHILDREN MURDERED SUDDENLY.

A Three-Year-Old to His Clot Is Buried.

CRUSHED UNDER

Little Joseph Eely board on His V and Is Drowned.

DIES FOR HIS

"Mickey" Olyphant Ju a Drowning Playmate Nile Smoker Himself.

A woman and a child death and three other p—one of them fatally—in out in a five-story build Twenty-third street, sh yesterday morning.

A dozen other lodges capes from death. Th to the fact that there upon the building.

THE IN. Mrs. Katherine daughter of Kate Found dead in he cation and burns.

Mrs. Carrie Bowles boarding house kee street, Boston. Bro sions and internal prove fatal, sustain third-story window, York Hospital.

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